

THE FUNERAL OF COLONEL GOSS.

TOKPEA, Kan., March 12.—The remains of the late Col. N. S. Goss, state orator, arrived today from Neosho Falls via the Santa Fe at 10:30. They were accompanied by the following relatives: Captain and Mrs. B. F. Goss, of Peawaukee, Wis.; C. W. Waterman and wife, Neosho Falls; J. Bishop and wife, Neosho Falls; W. J. McConnell and wife, Maize; and W. J. McBrown, Fall River. They were met at the depot by the state officers, Chief Justice Horton, Associate Justice Johnson, Mayor R. C. Coffey and members of the city council, the police commissioners of the city, and the pall bearers.

The remains were escorted to the capitol building by a platoon of metropolitan police in full uniform, attended by the pall bearers and followed by the relatives and state officers in carriages. The remains were taken directly to the senate chamber, where they were placed in state in front of the president's desk. After touching services in the senate, the body was taken to the Topeka funeral home, where upon the little pile prepared years ago, beside the companion whom he lost in early manhood and whom he mourned to the very day of his death, the pall bearers were Judge W. A. Johnson, Judge Samuel A. Kingman, Hon. Samuel T. Howe, Hon. P. W. Bonbrake, Hon. James Smith, A. S. Johnson, Hon. F. J. Baker and Maj. Wm. Sims. The funeral procession was a notable one.

Within the last few weeks the will of the deceased was changed so that the fund for the caring of his ornithological collection reverts to his nephew, Mr. Waterman, of Neosho. Then Col. Goss, who gave the state the collection, he exacted a condition that the state should provide a suitable room for his own private use. This the state faithfully complied with. Soon after making the gift, Col. Goss, who was a wealthy man, made a will in which he bequeathed a large sum of money for the maintenance and increase of the collection. A little more than a year ago Secretary of State Higgins gave an old soldier a lunchstand privilege in the main hall of the state house. The old soldier set up his stand in the ornithological room, and the crowds that daily visited the collection were always loaded with edibles. This offended Col. Goss, and he protested against the presence of the lunchstand, but Mr. Higgins refused to yield, and the old soldier held possession. Col. Goss, who took great pride in the collection, regarded the act of Mr. Higgins as a lack of appreciation of the gift, and he at once had his friend, Railroad Commissioner Humphrey, prepare a new will, in which he bequeathed the state the collection, should become the property of the state, this too, would have been withdrawn.

Sure cure—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

FAIR PRIEVIEGES.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 12.—The executive committee of the world's fair directors today authorized that the fair grounds and means to enter into and consummate all negotiations for the sale of fair privileges and concessions. The sale of miscellaneous goods in the fair grounds will not be permitted, except to importers, when the articles are such as may be obtained in any first-class house outside of the ground, and when they may be resold which is at variance with the dignity of the fair.

No transferring or sub-letting of privileges will be permitted. Thirty days prior to closing contracts for grants the committee will advertise in the daily press of the country for proposals. Persons desiring to buy privileges should send in proposals to the executive committee and obtain blanks to be provided for application.

Cure while you wait—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

A HESITATING MISS.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 12.—Miss Clara Mitchell, the belle of the village of Turkey, Indiana county, mourns the loss of two lovers, because she could not choose between them. On Sunday last she was married to John B. Reed. Just before time for the ceremony, James Gibson drove up to the Mitchell residence and asked to see Clara. Just for a moment she walked to the gate with him in her bridal robe, and then, to the astonishment of the company, followed him to his conveyance and they drove away. Reed insisted that the wedding feast should go on, at which he presided. Before the guests had dispersed the young woman returned and rebuked the company by declaring that she could not choose between Reed and Gibson and would not marry at all. Tuesday she related and promised to marry Reed, but again changed her mind before the knot could be tied. Both Reed and Gibson declare that they will not marry her.

A MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., March 12.—A most sensational affair has just come to light at the Montezuma hotel, Hot Springs. Six months ago a two-times millionaire of Chicago brought his wife and 10-year-old daughter to the Springs. The daughter was a beautiful blonde, but somewhat weak-minded. On the 10th of February the daughter slipped away from the hotel and was united in marriage by a local justice of the peace to a porter, a man named Hogg. The girl remained with her mother and nothing was known of the marriage until the father came to take the girl home. Then Hogg put in an application and claimed his bride, but offered it, it is said, to compromise for \$20,000. The girl said she preferred to go with her father and mother than to be united in name only. The Chicago family left on the morning train and Hogg followed in the afternoon.

Immediate, harmless—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

A MONSTROSITY.

MACOMB, Ill., March 12.—A remarkable curiosity made its appearance in the world here yesterday morning. A mare belonging to Asher Blount gave birth to a colt about noon. The little animal was a perfectly formed horse, with the exception of its head, which was as near like that of a man as it could be without being human. The neck is rather long and slender; the cerebrum is round and about the size of a grown man; the ears are delicately turned, and in proportion to the size of the head; the mouth and nose, though in their proper places, are very much deformed, the two joining each other in the nose like the head of a horse, and the mouth is very wide. There are no eyes, and apparently no place for any. The little animal lived but a few minutes. It will probably be preserved in alcohol and placed on exhibition.

FIRE.

OMAHA, Neb., March 12.—The Bohn cash and drug factory was destroyed by fire this evening. Loss, \$150,000; insurance, \$100,000.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., March 12.—This evening at 9 o'clock the residence of A. A. Newman was totally destroyed by fire.

The building, which was just approaching completion, cost \$50,000 and was insured for \$25,000.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure biliousness and nervousness.

THE MAFIA CASE.

NEW ORLEANS, March 12.—The Hennessy case was given to the jury tonight at 6:22. The state abandoned the case against Bastian and Cardoia, and the judge also instructed the jury to acquit Charles Matranga, against whom the state has failed to make out a case. Owing to the length of the session, the judge advised the jury not to bring in any verdict tonight and adjourned court until morning.

WRECK.

LONDON, March 12.—A foreign steamship, the name of which is not known, was wrecked off Start point during the blizzard. All the crew and passengers were drowned. The British ship Dryad was wrecked near the same place and her crew of twenty-four men were drowned. It is already known that seventy lives were lost off the coast during the storm. The loss of farm stock is enormous.

INDIANS INDICTED.

DEADWOOD, S. D., March 12.—The United States grand jury has found indictments against the Sioux Indians—Plenty Horse, for the murder of Lieut. Casey during the late uprising, and one against Leaver-His-Woman, for the murder of Isaac Miller, a ranchman.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

UNITED STATES SIGNAL OFFICE,
WICHITA, KAN., March 12, 1891.

The lowest temperature was 40° and the highest 50° and the wind S.W.

Local forecast for the next 24 hours:—

Ocasional burrles of snow; warmer.

Last year on March 12 the maximum temperature was 53°, minimum 24, mean 38°.

Two years ago the corresponding temperatures were 52°, 39°, 46°.

B. L. WALDRON, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 11, 9 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Friday.

For Missouri and Kansas—Generally fair; slightly warmer; except stationary temperature in Kansas; winds becoming southerly.

CATTLE GROWERS.

DALLAS, Tex., March 12.—The fifteenth annual convention of the Southwest Cattle Growers adjourned to meet at Fort Worth on the second Tuesday of next March. Cattle in the district represented are in exceptional good condition. The following officers were elected: A. P. Bush, of Colorado City, president; J. A. Lovig, secretary, and the other officers were re-elected.

THE SUICIDE.

BALTIMORE, March 12.—Gen. Isaac B. Moore was found dead today in his hotel with a frightful looking pistol shot wound in his head. The general had been feeling unwell for a few days, and he is supposed to have killed himself in a fit of despondency. A Grand Army of the Republic badge was pinned to his coat and the Grand Army of the Republic men took charge of the body.

TORN BY DOGS.

READING, Pa., March 12.—At Fredensburg, this county, this morning "Birdie" Miller, a schoolgirl, was attacked by a bulldog and a bloodhound, and bitten so badly that she will likely die. There are forty terribly lacerated wounds on her body.

COLD WEATHER.

DALLAS, Tex., March 12.—The weather today is the most severe that has been experienced in Texas in three years. Rain froze as it fell until it was almost impossible for street cars or any vehicle to run. It is feared that much damage will be done to the fruit crop, as many trees are in full bloom.

AU REVOIR.

Mr. one true friend! I sit and watch the tide
That, with life's restless, ever-changing sweep,
Bears you away, restlessly, from my side,
While I, in silent sorrow, sit and weep.

And yet, why should I mourn? New joys for you
May spring from out this reading of old ties;
And that you should, I should strive, anew
To bind the loving fingers of your eyes?

Yes, go! And may wherever you pitch your tent
Hold rest and peace, and leisure for your life
To ripen, 'neath the sun of sweet content,
Into rich fulness, free from care and strife.

If, in our weary voyage of life's sea,
We meet again, and had a friendly bark
With cheerful call, and in their company
Drift for a space, we dream anew the dark

And lonely track which stretches far ahead,
Mid rolling waves and madly shrieking winds,
That drive us on, hurrying on the breakers' dread,
Which, lurking, wait their prey with treacherous minds.

And yet we'll meet part. Each go our way,
Whether by joy or sorrow, who can tell?
Yet hope shall shed its bright and silvery ray
Athwart the gloom, that all may yet be well.

In time, perhaps, our lives once more may blend
In joyous again, as in the past,
With richer faith; then God speed, my friend,
My choicest blessings crown you to the last.

—Marah Roke in Housekeeper's Weekly.

A Lesson in Law.

A young lawyer who has been practicing at the bar for maybe three or four years received one present which he did not appreciate. It was a nice enough present, but—well, the whole story had better be told.

One morning a messenger boy brought to the young attorney's house a package done up in brown paper and tied with a very indecisive looking string. He carried the package into the dining room, where his wife sat at breakfast, and she of course started up full of excitement and curiosity. In fact it was she who took the bread knife and cut the string. Her hands removed the brown paper and uncovered the inner skin of white paper sealed with red wax. A card—a plain visiting card—lay there. The young lawyer saw it, and, heaven preserve us, blushed. The card bore the name of a client of his whose case he had conducted laboriously and expensively to defeat.

"What does he mean by sending me a present?" he asked. "The last time he was in my office I felt inclined to pitch him out of the window."

"Perhaps he wants to make up, dear," his gentler half suggested, as she proceeded to rip up the white paper with a silver hairpin. In a few seconds a couple of volumes covered in law sheep were revealed. The attorney took one of the books up and read the title, "Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. I." The other book was volume II.

"What in thunder does he mean by sending me this?" he asked fiercely.

"I am sure I don't know, dear," said she meekly.

There was an uncomfortable silence for several minutes. Then the attorney said, with considerably more emphasis than he belonged to in words: "Now I know what that fool meant by saying when he left that he would teach me the rudiments of law if he had to spend good money to do it. I thought he was going to sue me."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Trousers Made by Beginners.

"I know hundreds of young men in London who if they were told that their trousers were made by beginners would go mad!" Such were the portentous words of the master of the rolls, who, with Sir James Hannen and Lord Justice Fry, was occupied in deciding whether a Swedish sartorial artist named Bolander was entitled to a new trial in respect of an alleged libel reflecting on his professional capacity as a cutter of breast pockets.

Bolander, who was non-suited, had been described in a trade journal as a "drum-major," which term the indignant Scandinavian declared meant a novice capable only of evolving "breaks." Hence the judicial comment.

In the United States "drummer" is the equivalent of bagman. Here, from an artistic, it may be a vulgar point of view, it is synonymous with "bagman." It is to be hoped Lord Esher's young men may be saved from premature incarceration for lunacy by the absolute knowledge that their lower limbs are clad only in garments cut by the strictly scientific professors.

Imitated the Queen.

Juliet ask Romeo, "What's in a name?" Apparently deeming one designation as good as another in a warm climate, but there are Julietts in dear old England who have their own opinion on the subject. At a provincial exhibition a sumptuously bound visitors' book was placed in the lobby, and the great show was opened by her majesty, who was accompanied by the Princess Henry of Battenberg. The local mayor, a highly respected tradesman (graffer and plumber, I believe), accompanied by his wife, was of the royal party. As usual, the queen placed her name in the visitors' book as "Victoria," the princess following with "Beatrice," then came the mayor's wife, who, seeing what had gone before, wrote with a bold, steady hand "Jane." The exhibit who had charge of the book has not been seen since. He is believed to have exploded in an ante-room.

HANDSOME SENATORS.

STATESMEN WHO ARE SPECIMENS
OF MANLY BEAUTY.

There Are More Good Looking Men in the Upper Than in the Lower House, and Here Are Portraits of Some of Them.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, March 2.—There are many more handsome men in the senate than in the house of representatives in proportion to the whole number. Though there are only eighty-eight senators, it is easy to pick out ten or a dozen of them who are the possessors of so much personal comeliness as to be worthy of note for that quality alone, to say nothing of their wisdom, eloquence or wit. Of the ten handsomest senators Mr. Hiseock is easily the premier.

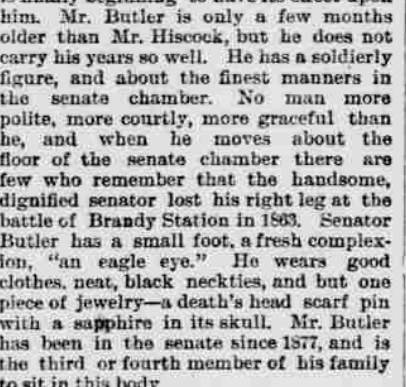


FRANK HISEOCK.

There are few finer looking men in the world than Hiseock. He is a giant Apollo. His height is about six feet one inch, and his weight 225. He has a majestic figure, and a face which would attract attention anywhere in the world. His curling lip, his large, kindling eyes, soft and deep rather than luminous, his abundant, wavy hair, his classical nose and brow, attract all eyes.

In the senate chamber Mr. Hiseock is constantly in the focus of numerous opera glasses, longhorns, lorgnettes, spectacles, eyeglasses, monocles. He does not seem to know that he is the center of so much interest. For a man of such great personal beauty and so much ability as a statesman, Mr. Hiseock is a modest man. He is 54 years old, has a family, and has been in congress a dozen years. Mr. Hiseock wears a Prince Albert or "statesman's coat," and large, flowing, checked neckties. His hair is dapple gray.

A few years ago Senator Butler, of South Carolina, was considered the handsomest man in the upper branch of congress. He is still a very handsome man, though age is finally beginning to have its effect upon him. Mr. Butler is only a few months older than Mr. Hiseock, but he does not carry his years so well. He has a soldierly figure, and about the finest manners in the senate chamber. No man more polite, more courtly, more graceful than he, and when he moves about the floor of the senate chamber there are few who remember that the handsome, dignified senator lost his right leg at the battle of Brandy Station in 1863. Senator Butler has a small foot, a fresh complexion, "an eagle eye." He wears good clothes, neat, black neckties, and but one piece of jewelry—a death's head scarf pin with a sapphire in its skull. Mr. Butler has been in the senate since 1877, and is the third or fourth member of his family to sit in this body.



BUTLER. EUSTIS. HAWLEY.

Many of the ladies who sit in the galleries at the north end of the big Capitol think Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, about the handsomest man in the senate. A large part of Mr. Aldrich's reputation for good looks springs, without doubt, from his popularity as a man and senator. Every one likes him, and in him we find one of those rare combinations of brains and heart which can be positive and energetic and stubborn, too, without incurring censure.

Senator Aldrich's popularity is by no means due to any weakness or softness of his character, for he is anything but that. A plain, blunt, active man, who shirks no responsibility or task, he still has a happy way of making friends of all with whom he comes in contact. His smile is bewitching, his handshake magnetic. It is the good nature, the kindness expressed in his face which make his features handsome.

Senator Aldrich wears a double breasted short coat buttoned in front, which makes him look all the more like a business man. He is tall, of graceful manners, his hair is thin and gray, and he is not yet 50 years old. He has been ten years in the senate, and can without doubt remain here as long as he likes, though it is rumored he intends retiring at the end of his present term in order to go into some money making business.

There are radically different opinions as to whether or not Senator Wolcott is entitled to be put down as a handsome man. The majority decides affirmatively. He is a little thick, and he has a certain snoot at all, and there is a sort of disguised expression in the lower part of his face, but his features are good, the shape of his head really pretty; he has plenty of hair of a kind which becomes him—and it is always neatly parted, brought down the middle—his dress is faultless, and is good natured, dashing, popular, full of animal spirits, eloquent, heterodox, reckless.

Friend and foe alike say he is one of "the coming men" of the senate chamber—which means that he is destined to take a seat on the front bench before he dies—one of the leaders and authors of the ancient body, one of the select but limited circle who dare move an executive session or make suggestions sotto voce to the presiding officer. He surely will reach this distinction if the good will of the women amounts to anything. Senator Wolcott is 42, not very rich, recently married, and would spend his salary if it amounted to \$100,000 per year.

A solid, English looking senatorial beauty is Mr. Dixon, of Rhode Island. He and his colleague, Mr. Aldrich, are about as unlike as two men could well be. Aldrich is fair and somewhat spare; Dixon swarthy and of a stocky figure. The senator's hair and beard are as white as the junior senator's luxuriant tresses, thick mustache and carefully groomed sideburns are as black as jet. If there is any similarity between the two handsome senators from Rhode Island—notice that Rhode Island, little though she be, comes nobly

to the front when beauty is the theme—it is in their good nature, their affability, approachability, popularity.

Senator Dixon looks like the handsomest coachman you ever saw in the West End of London town, but he is American to the core, and comes from a family in whose veins flows the bluish blood of Yankeeedom. He is only 43, married, rich, likes big blue levers' neckties, and is properly proud of the waviness of his inky hair and of the infallible and unchangeable correctness of the parting line therein.

One of the big, handsome fellows of congress is Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, a man of large frame, tall, broad, huge in every way, big feet and hands, giant head and expansive open countenance. His nose is enormous, his eyes immense and full of expression, and when he laughs, as he often does right merrily, a large mouth is exposed to view. Those who know him well say his heart is proportionately larger than any other member. Many strangers ask his name, and not a few of them buy his portrait before leaving the Capitol as that of the handsomest giant they have seen within its walls. Senator Eustis retires to private life in forty-eight hours.

Four exceedingly handsome men of mature age and liberal minute adornment are found in Senators Dolph, Berry, Stockbridge and Hawley. The last named was, indeed, but a few years ago one of the very handsomest men of congress. His regular features, soldierly figure, liquid brown eyes, Napoleon's beard and mustache have ere this attracted the attention of thousands of pairs of admiring eyes, and will attract many more before their glories

are faded. Gen. Hawley is growing old, of course. He has been nearly twenty years in congress, was a gallant soldier throughout the war and a good editor four years before the war broke out.

Senator Hawley is generally looked upon as one of the young and vigorous men of the house of lords, whereas his colleague, Mr. Platt, is quite as generally regarded as an old man; yet Gen. Hawley is the senior senator, so far as age is concerned. The handsome senator from Connecticut was married a couple of years ago, and is now the fond papa of a yearling angel. Senator Hawley was born in 1836, first came to congress in 1872, and is likely to remain here as long as he lives.

Senator Dolph, of Oregon, is considered the finest looking man of the present order in the senate. He is ten years younger than Gen. Hawley, and therefore is not old enough to join the patriarchal class. Senator Dolph is tall, graceful, neat, and, as many of his enthusiastic admirers in the gallery say, "the sweetest old man with the softest eyes that ever was married a couple of years ago."

Senator Stockbridge looks like an English baron, almost like the last of the barons. He is grizzled, severe, apparently the concentrated essence of senatorial dignity, exclusiveness and wisdom. Yet when one comes to know him he is found to be as mild one of the crew on his famous Michigan stock farm, and a man who would much rather talk horse than politics. He has the true senatorial figure—round, solid, substantial, well built up in front—and he carries it in the true senatorial way, with his nose uplified, his long coat buttoned from chin to knee, but for all this he is a handsome and a likable man.

A senator much admired is Mr. Berry, of Arkansas. He is like the "dark, handsome man" of whose coming gyf fortune tellers are always prating to servants.

It cures headache only—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

A Useful Trick.

A clever little housekeeper told me the other day that she has a large trunk in the garret marked "Things I do not want."

When she comes across anything she thinks good for nothing, instead of throwing it away she consigns it to this trunk. And what then, do you think? She says, further, that when she wants anything she doesn't have she goes to this trunk and is sure to find it.—Boston Traveller.

Would Stay with Her.

Cora Bellows—I believe you would be true to a wife.

Jake Jimpon (delightfully)—Oh, do you think so?

Cora (travelling)—Yes. You would never leave her.—New York Herald.

It fails money refunded: Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Too Fractical.

Clara—Why did you refuse Mr. Hardhead?

Maud—I couldn't be happy with such a man as that. He is too intensely practical. He has no faith.

"No faith?"

"No. He doesn't believe in anything. Why, he doesn't even believe in dreams."—Good News.

Careful.

Chapple—Dear girl, why will you keep me constantly on the rack?

Jenny—I don't want to get you separated from your hat.—Harper's Bazar.

Know Your Mind.

Foley—Why, hello, you out of 'jail, Petter? How'd you get out, yet lawyer like objections?

Petter—Now, I done 't filin'—New York Evening Sun.

Not Natural for Him.

McCrackie—Did Walschid die a natural death?

McCrackie—How should I know? I never saw him die before.—Judge.

Immediate relief by using Preston's "Hed-Ake."

He Told the Truth.

President Board of Police Commissioners.—We are sorry to say, O'Hoolahan, that you are discharged from the force.

O'Hoolahan—An' for what cause, yer honor?

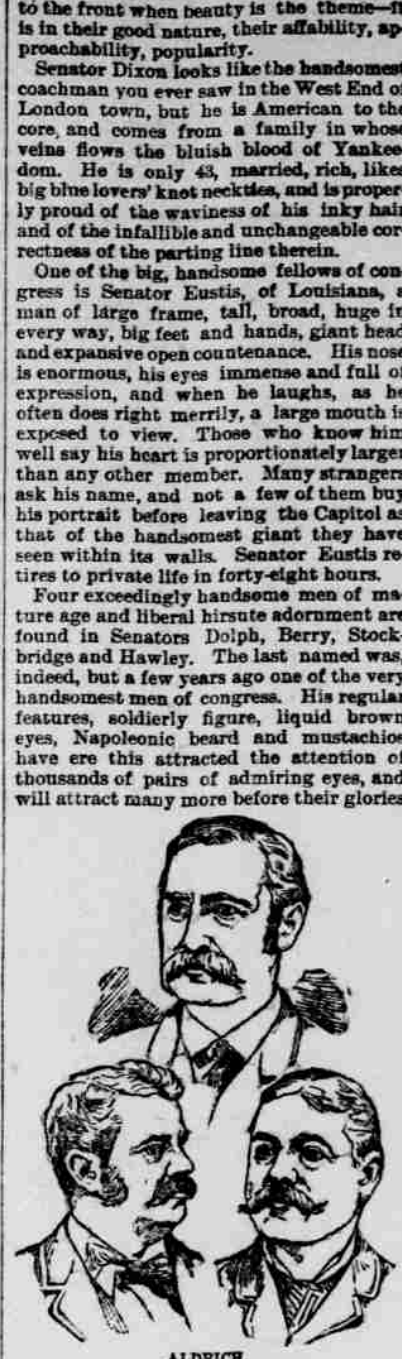
President—A jewelry store was burglarized in your district last night. Did you meet any one on your beat last night?

O'Hoolahan—Yis, your honor. I met a man as he was being led, he was going to open a jewelry store.

President—He did open a jewelry store and stole \$1,000 worth of goods.

O'Hoolahan—The man may have been a thief, but he was no liar.—Jeweller's Circular.

Wife—Habbits are so cheap now in the market that I think you might bring home a couple.—Texas Sittings.



ALDRICH.

WOLCOTT.

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